Right Above It

[Lil Wayne]  
Now tell me how you love it  
You know you at the top when only heaven’s right above it  
we onnn,

Cause we onnn  
  
[Drake]  
Who else really tryna mess with Hollywood Cole? I’m with Marley G, bro  
Flying Hollygrove chicks to my Hollywood shows  
And I wanna tell you something that you prolly should know  
This that Slumdog Millionaire Bollywood flow  
And uh, my real friends never hearin’ from me  
Fake friends write the wrong answers on the mirror for me  
That’s why I pick and choose, I don’t get shit confused  
I got a small circle, I’m not with different crews  
We walk the same path, but got on different shoes  
Live in the same building, but we got different views  
I got a couple cars I never get to use  
Don’t like my women single, I like my chicks in twos  
And these days all the girls is down to roll  
I hit the strip club and all them bitches find a pole  
Plus I been sippin’, so this shit is movin’ kinda slow  
Just tell my girl to tell her friend that it’s time to go  
  
[Lil Wayne]  
Now tell me how you love it  
You know you at the top when only heaven’s right above it  
We on  
It’s Young Money, motherfucker  
If you ain’t runnin’ wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right  
  
Now somebody show some money in this bitch  
And I got my B’s with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?  
I got my gun in my boo purse  
And I don’t bust back, because I shoot first  
  
Meet me on the fresh train  
Yes, I’m in the building, you just on the list of guest names  
And all of my riders do not give a fuck, X Games  
Guns turn you boys into pussies, sex change  
And I smoke ’til I got chest pains  
And you niggas know I rep my gang like Jesse James  
Women are possessive, and they wanna possess Wayne  
I been fly so long I fell asleep on the fuckin’ plane  
Skinny pants and some Vans  
Call me Triple A, get my advance in advance, amen  
  
As the world spin and dance in my hands  
Life is a beach, I’m just playin’ in the sand  
Uh, wake up and smell the pussy  
You niggas can’t see me, but never overlook me  
I’m on the paper trail, it ain’t no tellin’ where it took me  
Yeah, and I ain’t a killa, but don’t push me  
  
Now tell me how you love it  
You know you at the top when only heaven’s right above it  
We on  
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If you ain’t runnin’ wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right  
  
Now somebody show some money in this bitch  
And I got my bees with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?  
I got my gun in my boo purse  
And I don’t bust back, because I shoot first  
  
Uh, how do he say what’s never said?  
Beautiful black woman, I bet that bitch look better red  
Limpin’ off tour ’cause I made more off my second leg  
Ma’fuckin’ Birdman Junior, eleventh grade  
Ball on automatic start  
I could hand it to Drake or do a quarterback draw  
Wildcat offense, check the paw prints  
We in the building, you niggas in apartments  
No-now, c’mon, be my blood donor  
Flo’ so nice, you ain’t gotta put a rug on her  
Do it big, and let the small fall under that  
Damn, where you stumbled out? From where they make gumbo at  
Kane got the fuckin’ beat jumpin’ like a jumping jack  
But you know me, I get on this bitch and have a heart attack  
Hip-hop, I’m the heart of that, nigga, nothin’ short of that  
President Carter, Young Money Democrat  
  
Now tell me how you love it  
You know you at the top when only heaven’s right above it  
We on  
It’s Young Money, motherfucker  
If you ain’t runnin’ wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right  
  
Now somebody show some money in this bitch  
And I got my bees with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig? (Soo woo!)  
I got my gun in my boo purse  
And I don’t bust back, because I shoot first

Forever

[Chorus]  
It may not mean nothing to y’all,  
understand nothing was done for me,  
so i don’t plan on stopping at all,  
I want this sh-t forever man, ever man, ever man,  
I’m shutting sh-t down in the mall,  
and telling every girl she the one for me,  
and i aint even planning to call,  
i want this sh-t forever man, ever man, ever man,

[Drake]  
Last name ever,  
first name greatest,  
like a sprained ankle boy I ain’t nuttin to play with,  
started off local, but thanks to all the haters,  
i know G4 pilots on a first name basis,  
and your city faded off the brown, Nino,  
she insists she got more class, we know!  
swimming in the money come and find me, Nemo,  
if i was at the club you know I ball’d, chemo,  
drop the mixtape that sh-t sounded like an album  
who’d have thought a country wide tour would be the outcome  
labels want my name beside the X like Malcolm  
everybody got a deal, I did it without one,  
yeah n-gga i’m about my business,  
killing all these rappers you would swear I had a hit list,  
everyone who doubted me is asking for forgiveness,  
if you aint been a part of it at least you got to witness,  
b-tches,

[Chorus]

[Kanye West]  
Ever ever, Mr West is in the Building,  
Aint no question who about to kill em,  
I used to have hood dreams,  
big fame, big chains,  
i stuck my d-ck inside this life until that b-tch came,  
I went hard all Fall like the ball teams,  
just so I can make it rain all spring,  
y’all seen my story my glory,  
i had raped the game young,  
you can call it statutory,  
when a n-gga blow up they gon build statues of me  
old money Benjamin Button, whaat, nuttin,  
now superbad chicks giving me McLovin,  
you would think I ran the world like Michelle’s husband,  
you would think these n-ggas would know me when they really doesn’t  
like they was down with the old me, no you f-cking wasn’t,  
your’e such a f-cking loser,  
he didn’t even go to class Bueller,  
trade the Grammy plaques just to have my granny back,  
lyrics courtesy of killerhiphop.com  
remember she had that bad hip like a fanny pack,  
chasing that stardom would turn you into a maniac,  
all the way in Hollywood and I can’t even act,  
they pull their cameras out and God damn he snapped,  
I used to want this thing forever y’all can have it back,

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Ok, hello its da martian,  
space jam Jordan’s,  
I want this sh-t forever wake up and smell the Garden,  
fresher than the harvest  
step up to the target,  
if i had one guess than I guess im just New Orleans,  
and I will never stop like i’m running from the cops,  
hopped up in my car and told my chauffeur “to the top”,  
life is such a f-cking roller coaster then it drops,  
but what should I scream for this is my theme park,  
my minds shine even when my thoughts seem dark,  
pistol on my side you don’t wanna hear that thing talk,  
let the King talk, check the price and pay attention,  
Lil Wayne thats what they got to say or mention,  
lyrics courtesy of killerhiphop.com  
Im like Nevada in the middle of the summer,  
i’m resting in the lead I need a pillow and a cover,  
ssshhh, my foots sleeping on the gas,  
no brake pads no such thing as last- huh,

[Chorus]

[Eminem]  
There they go, packin’ stadiums  
as Shady spits his flow,  
nuts they go, macadamian they go so ballistic whoa,  
we can make them look like bozo’s,  
he’s wondering if he should spit this slow,  
f-ck no go for broke,  
his cup just runneth over oh no  
he aint had a buzz like this since the last time that he overdosed,  
they’ve been waiting patiently for Pinnochio to poke his nose,  
back into the game and they know,  
rap will never be the same as before,  
bashin’ in the brains of these hoes,  
and establishing a name as he goes,  
the passion and the flame is ignited,  
you can’t put it out once we light it,  
this sh-t is exactly what the f-ck that i’m talking about when we riot,  
you dealin with a few true villians  
who stand inside of the booth truth spillin,  
lyrics courtesy of killerhiphop.com  
and spit true feelings, until our tooth fillings come flying up out of our mouths  
now rewind it  
payback muthaf-cka for the way that you doubted me so how’s it taste?  
when I slap the taste out your mouth with the bass so loud that it shakes the place,  
i’m hannibal lecter so just in case your thinking of saving face,  
you aint gonna have no face to save by the time Im through with this place,  
so Drake….

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understand nothing was done for me,  
so i don’t plan on stopping at all,  
I want this sh-t forever man, ever man, ever man,

Now tell me how you love it  
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and telling every girl she the one for me,  
and i aint even planning to call,  
We onnnn  
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and your city faded off the brown, Nino,  
she insists she got more class, we know!

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swimming in the money come and find me, Nemo,  
if i was at the club you know I ball’d, chemo,  
drop the mixtape that sh-t sounded like an album  
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labels want my name beside the X like Malcolm  
everybody got a deal, I did it without one,

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Just tell my girl to tell her friend that it’s time to go

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you can call it statutory,  
when a n-gga blow up they gon build statues of me  
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you would think these n-ggas would know me when they really doesn’t  
like they was down with the old me, no you f-cking wasn’t,  
your’e such a f-cking loser,  
he didn’t even go to class Bueller,